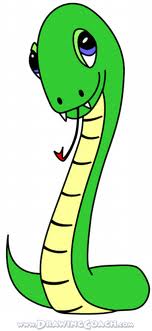
**A Narrow Fellow in the Grass**

By Emily Dickinson

A narrow fellow in the grass  
Occasionally rides;  
You may have met him,--did you not,  
His notice sudden is.  
  
The grass divides as with a comb,  
A spotted shaft is seen;  
And then it closes at your feet  
And opens further on.  
  
He likes a boggy acre,  
A floor too cool for corn.  
Yet when a child, and barefoot,  
I more than once, at morn,  
  
Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash  
Unbraiding in the sun,--  
When, stooping to secure it,  
It wrinkled, and was gone.  
  
Several of nature's people  
I know, and they know me;  
I feel for them a transport  
Of cordiality;  
  
But never met this fellow,  
Attended or alone,  
Without a tighter breathing,  
And zero at the bone.

[](http://www.google.com/imgres?q=cartoon+snake&start=188&hl=en&sa=X&qscrl=1&nord=1&rlz=1T4ADSA_enUS454US454&biw=1441&bih=591&addh=36&tbm=isch&prmd=imvns&tbnid=SdGIBEccEaiWYM:&imgrefurl=http://www.drawingcoach.com/how-to-draw-a-cartoon-snake.html&docid=674zpFr7O5m4eM&imgurl=http://www.drawingcoach.com/image-files/cartoon_snake_st4.gif&w=250&h=542&ei=qgraT-nyB6uK6gHN5N3KAg&zoom=1&iact=hc&vpx=1099&vpy=2&dur=1749&hovh=331&hovw=152&tx=98&ty=204&sig=101789171514098841793&page=7&tbnh=134&tbnw=62&ndsp=31&ved=1t:429,r:21,s:188,i:70)

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